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Published weekly by
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JOHN HOSKIN, General Agent for Ohio, Western Pennsylvania, &c., Patent Dry Earth Comminators in Walnut or Ash Cases. Patent Dry Earth Apparatus for Fixed Closets or Privies, either Pull-up or Self-acting.

THE DRY EARTH Closet is a successful substitute for the water closet, being completely fire proof, and positively free from odor. Suitable for dwelling houses, schools, railroad depots, hospitals, prison cells, &c., &c. Call and see them at the Massillon Excelsior Works. 349-17 Agents wanted in every town.

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T. R. Richmond, Dealer in Pine Lumber, Shingles, Lath, dressed Flooring and Siding, Lath Lumber wide and common, Barn Boards, Fence, Box and Second Pine, which will be disposed of on very reasonable terms. Lumber Yard on Erie st., opposite Tremont, Hon. C. Massillon, where I will be glad to do anything in the lumber line.

Merchants, Farmers FLOUR AND FEED by wholesale or retail can be accommodated by calling on George Heppard, at the mill known as the Earl mill. Flour and feed delivered to all parts of the city and country. Corn on the cob chopped every Saturday.

Custom Work done at short notice and on reasonable terms. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a trial. GEO. HEPPARD. July 20, 1871-17.

TO CONSUMPTIVES. The adviser, having been permanently cured of this disease consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of the prescription used, (free of charge) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for consumption, asthma, bronchitis, &c. Parties wishing the prescription will please address Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON 191 Penn street, Williamsburgh

Massillon Independent.

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SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR
THE symptoms of Liver Complaint are uneasiness and pain in the side, Sometimes the pain is in the shoulder, & is taken for rheumatism. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness, bowels in general constive, some times attended with flatulency. The head is troubled with pain, and dull, heavy sensation, considerable loss of memory, accompanied with painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. Often complaining of weakness, debility, a low spirit. Sometimes many of the above symptoms attend the disease, and at other times very few of them; but the liver is generally the organ most involved. Cure the liver with
Dr. Simmons' Liver Regulator,
A preparation of roots and herbs, warranted to be strictly vegetable, and can do no injury to any one. It has been used for many decades, and known for the last 40 years as one of the most reliable, efficacious and harmless preparations ever offered to the suffering. It taken regularly and persistently it is sure to cure Dyspepsia, Headache, Jaundice, costiveness, sick headache, chronic diarrhoea, affections of the kidneys, fever, dysentery, chills, diseases of the skin, impurity of the blood, melancholy or depression of spirits, heartburn, colic, or pains in the bowels, pain in the head, fever and ague, dropsy, boils, pain in the back, &c. Prepared only by
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
Druggists, Macon, Georgia.
And 329 Arch street Philadelphia, Pa.
For sale by E. KACHLER, Massillon, O. Wholesale by STRONG & ARMSTRONG, Cleveland, O.
Price, \$1; by mail, \$1.25.

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Are now ready to repair stoves, and furnish Stove plates of all kinds.
Plows & Plow Points, Car Wheels, Sash Weights, Iron Columns, Lamp Posts, Caps and Sills for Windows, Hollow Ware and Kettles. Furnished to order.
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Plows, Points, Car Wheels, Bells, and Castings Generally.
STATIONARY AND PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES, AND CIRCULAR SAW MILLS.
Prompt attention given to repairing Mills, Engines, and Machinery of all kinds.
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THE Earth Closet Company
JOHN HOSKIN, General Agent for Ohio, Western Pennsylvania, &c., Patent Dry Earth Comminators in Walnut or Ash Cases. Patent Dry Earth Apparatus for Fixed Closets or Privies, either Pull-up or Self-acting.

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Custom Work done at short notice and on reasonable terms. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a trial. GEO. HEPPARD. July 20, 1871-17.

INDEPENDENT.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

By T. DOUGLASS READ.
The following is pronounced by the Westminster Review to be unquestionably the finest American poem ever written.

Within this sober realm of leafless trees The rusted year inhaled the dreary air, Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease, When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barn looks from their hazy hills, Or the dim waters widening in the vales, Sent down their air a greeting to the mills, On the dull thunder of alternate flails;

All sights are mellowed, and all sounds subdued. The hills seemed further, and the streams sang low, As in a dream the distant woodland heaved His winter log, with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forest, erewhile armed with gold, Their banners bright with every martial hue, Now stood like some sad-bent host of old, Withdrawn as if in time's remotest blue;

On sumnerous wings the vulture tried his flight, The dove scarce heard his singing mate's complaint, And like a star slow-drowning in the light, The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint;

The sentinel loomed upon the hillside now—Craw twice, and all was stiller than before— Silent it loomed, replying warbler blew His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest, Made gaudious trouble round her unfledged young; And where the oriole hung her swinging nest, By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy mavens of the eaves, The busy swallows circling ever near— For, boding as the rustic mind believes, An early harvest and a plentiful year;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at noon, To warn the reapers of the busy east: All now was songless, empty and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail, And croaked the crow through all the dreary ground, Alone the pleasant drumming in the vales, Made echo to the distant cottage loom;

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers, The spiders wore their thin shrouds night by night, The thick-down, the only ghost of flowers, Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air, And where the woe-bud had slid upon the earth, Its crimson leaves as if the year stood there, Firing the floor with his inverted torch;

Amid all this, the center of the scene, The white-haired matron, with mountain-ous head, Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien, Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow—he had walked with her, Oft supped and broke with her the ashen crust, And in the dead leaves still she heard the rust, Of his black mantle trilling in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom, Her country summoned and she gave her Re-gave the sword to rust upon her wall; Re-gave the sword, but not the hand, that drew

history—the Jewish Scriptures, from from them alone we learned of events in that far distant age. Since then all has changed. Historical research and explorations have opened to us an immense field of knowledge.

Egypt speaks from her stony lips, and reveals her inmost secrets; centuries hasten to unroll their records, and the court of the pages of history. Champollion tore away the screen that so long rendered her an enigma, and we now have her history, her sacred writings, her poems, her romances, even at our command. Assyria and Chaldea also rise from the shapeless mounds of rubbish, and deliver their annals and libraries into our hands. Here we can witness the origin of Grecian art and Etruscan civilization. India hastens likewise, with her voluminous manuscripts of sacred value, to throw a flood of light over many hitherto inexplicable mysteries. Modern science has invaded the citadel of ancient history, and once more we may behold the universe through their eyes and reason with their minds. We transport ourselves to the days of grandeur of now near forgotten nations, and read from their works and inscriptions. We are able to look at ancient forms of worship from within, so to speak, with Nature as they saw her, and with them draw the same conclusions.

Baron Bunsen, in his celebrated work on Egypt, gives the following tables as his conviction—based on searches of the most profound nature—of the relative dates of the Aryan emigrations:

Primæval emigration.....	10,000 B. C.
Gradual separation into Germans, Slaves, Pelasgi etc.....	8,000 "
Gradual extension of Pelasgi.....	5,000 "
Indian emigration to the Punjab.....	4,000 "
Zoroaster reform.....	3,500 "
Sanscrit ceased to be a living language.....	1,000 "

Earnest Bunsen, in the work already alluded to, places the separation of the Indian race at 9708 years, at the least, before Christ. Scholars who hesitate to assign any definite limit of years, will readily concede that these are within bounds of belief, and that the evolution of the Sanscrit tongue, "the most copious and excellent of all," requires a period of no less duration.

When these Aryan emigrants arrived on the banks of the Indus, India was neither a desert nor a wilderness, but a densely populated land, inhabited by a dark-skinned race, yet far advanced in ancient civilization, possessing the Sanscrit writings, inform us, "ancient cities," "cities built of stone," and cities that were attacked, and withstood siege and blockade. An English officer writes: "There are incontestable proofs of the aboriginal race having once occupied every part of India; and that the Hindus came among them, they had made sufficient progress in civilization to form large communities, establish kingdoms and become merchants and extensive cultivators of the soil. There are distinct remains of old castles, extensive excavations and other monumental ruins. Several of their principalities have continued to the present day."

The scholars of the present century believed India to have been the source of all ancient civilization. We have seen that modern research has established, on the contrary, that the Aryan race, on the historic page more than a thousand years. Yet among the mounds, along the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates, we may obtain a still deeper glimpse into the dim twilight of the historic past.

"The various populations," says Lenormant (Fr.), "residing together, on the soil of Babylonia and Chaldea, must at first have lived in separation from each other. There was certainly a primitive epoch of tribal existence, a petty local kingdom; and some records of this state of existence have been preserved in Babylonian traditions, as, for instance, that of Sharyukin, king of the city Agani, who appears in some texts as a legendary hero and alchemist. But true history," in the Tigro, Euphrates Basin, commences only, as also does that of Egypt, with the formation, in Chaldea and Babylonia, of a united empire, including all its tribes under one sceptre—an empire dating from such high antiquity that it seemed almost legendary to the author of the Book of Genesis. In this state, the first regularly organized government in the world, the preponderance and dominion among its various tribes belonging to the Hamites, of Cushite race."

"The Cushite inhabitants of southern Babylonia," says Prof. Rawlinson, "were of a cognate race with the primitive colonists, both of Arabia and the African Ethiopia. Indeed, the inhabitants of these countries, at the distant epoch of which we are treating, were sprung from the same stock. They possessed the compass and understood 'night-sailing,' and circumnavigated the coast of Africa. Their vessels were not rude in form, but strong and well built, in which they were not afraid to boldly venture out of sight of land. And let us bear in mind that Mr. Layard found in the ruins of Nineveh, among cups and earthen vases, lenses of rock crystal, and that the microscope invented by Leuwenhoek must have existed at the same time, as from their inscriptions can only be read by its use. Articles of glass were of a surpassing delicacy, and

weapons of tempered steel. Canals were constructed with locks, and steam power was known.

More than seven thousand years ago we find the Hamite and Semitic families essentially distinct, each subdivided into numerous branches; a development requiring thousands of years for its duration. Languages reduced to writing, and widely differing from that to which they owed their origin; races once united in a single stock, then scattered in various directions, no longer appearing cognate to the ordinary observer, yet through all these changes we look in vain for the appearance of letters, but are led back to a period antecedent to the appearance of the Hamite race on the stage of action, for that invention which eventually was to revolutionize the world and usher in the historic epoch.

Ages have passed since man first roamed over the elevated plains of Asia; race has succeeded race in the illimitable periods of the prehistoric epoch, each, however, preserving every essential improvement of the departing race. Rude flint instruments give way to polished stone; these, in turn, to be followed by those of bronze, and eventually iron. Races die out and disappear, but their thoughts remain the heirloom of all time. More than ten thousand years must have passed since the Shumir of Northern Chaldea first used ideographs for communicating thoughts. The Hamite race, constituting a far higher development of humanity, appeared on the scene, and, in virtue of their superiority, became the preponderating and law dispensing power, and absorbed all that was valuable in the indigenous civilization.

Thus it has ever been. Historical research has shown that civilization has swept on a spiral course; race succeeding race, the civilization of one age becoming the spoil of wild and uncultivated tribes in another; infusing, however, fresh blood and energy into an effete and decaying state; and, though the motion was apparently retrograde, a broader view of the field reveals its true course to have been ever onward and higher.

THE CLAIMS OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

What if the literatures of England, France, Germany, and Italy have borrowed largely their materials and even their inspiration from ancient sources? Does it result therefrom that these modern literatures have no independent being of their own, no character of perfection that makes them the peers of their elder brethren? On the contrary, the literature of any one of the leading nations of Europe constitutes of itself a body of thought and sentiment, a play of character, and a growth of complicated structure, and a growth of perfection in style, which render it worthy of protracted special study. The literatures of France and Germany, in particular, have such a direct bearing upon the civilization of the world in which we live, the names which adorn them ring so powerfully in our ears, that the refusal to give equal hearing with the far off echoes of Greece and Rome must be regarded as willfully hardening ones heart to the cry of the hour. The champions of modern culture concede the full value of antiquity. They acknowledge the freshness, the grace, the clear, glowing outlines of Greek thought, the dignity and massiveness of Roman character. Yet after we do not live in their world, but in a world of our own, which has its peculiar needs, its peculiar trials and triumphs—a world of thought and action infinitely more complex, of character infinitely finer gradation. We have problems of church and state, of morals, trade, and society, of which the antique world never dreamed, and for which its oracles have no solution. These problems make up, in their various phases, the substance of modern literature; and their treatment by modern writers constitutes a special literary art—an art as distinct from that of the Greeks and Romans as Gothic architecture is distinct from Grecian. How, then, can we bestow all our training upon the study of the Greek temple, which is for us as a mere ideal of excellence and neglect the Gothic cathedral, which is the clustering point for our most sacred associations, for our own public buildings, and even for the very homes in which we dwell? Can we lay claim to having done our duty by our institutions of learning by providing them with a good curriculum in Latin and Greek, but abandoning such mighty living tongues as French and German to hasty, superficial, undigested, unfostered, almost unguided private reading?—"Modern Languages in the American College," in June Galaxy.

Before closing, may I be permitted to ask and to answer the question, What is water? I suppose some of my readers are ready to make the Dogberry like reply, "Water, sir, is water." That certainly reaches the point by a very short cut, but to the thinking, inquiring man, it is not satisfactory. Let us answer this question from the standpoint of the chemist. Water is rust. The red powder that falls from rust, which has long been subjected to the action of moisture, is rust of iron. It is the oxide of a metal, and so is

water. Water is the rust of hydrogen, a true metal. This wonderful element no human eyes have ever looked upon, and probably never will as in its free state it exists only in the form of an invisible gas. Quite recently, science has demonstrated experimentally, what has long been suspected, that hydrogen gas is a metal, and capable of assuming a solid form in alloys. Oxygen by uniting with this gaseous metal, rusts, oxidizes or burns it, and water is the rust or ashes. This strange metal, hydrogenium, and its oxide, plays an important part in all the operations of nature. It is not alone confined to the little ball of earth upon which we live, but it exists in the stellar worlds above us, and in those misty points of light, the nebulae, which have so long puzzled and perplexed the astronomer and men versed in physical sciences. The recent discoveries by means of the spectroscope have proved that this element enters largely into the unformed, chaotic mass of matter moving in space, of which worlds are made. It is ready when the formative act is fully accomplished, for taking its place, in combination with oxygen, as water, to aid in the sustentation of animal and vegetable life upon spheres so far distant that our imagination even cannot reach them.—From Dr. Nichols' Fireside Science.

SCOLDING.

Scolding is mostly a habit. There is not much meaning to it. It is often the result of nervousness and an irritable condition of both body and mind. A person is tired or annoyed at some trivial cause, and forthwith commences finding fault with everything and everybody within reach.

Scolding is a habit very easily formed: It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it becomes addicted to it and confirmed in it.

It is an unreasonable habit. Persons who once get in the way of scolding always find something to scold about. If there were nothing else, they would fall a scolding at the mere absence of anything to scold at.

It is an extremely disagreeable habit. The constant rambling of distant thunder, caterwauling, or a hand organ under one's window, would be less unpleasant.

The habit is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain, in a short time, to affect all the members. If one of them begins always finding fault about something or nothing, the others are apt very soon to take it up and a very unnecessary bedlam is created.

The people in the country more readily fall into the habit than those in the city. We suppose it is because they have less to occupy and divert their attention.

Women contract the habit more frequently than men. This may be because they live more in the house, in a confined and heated atmosphere, and very trying to the nervous system and health in general; and it may be partly because their natures are more easily wounded. Women are sometimes called divine; but a scolding woman never seems divine. But we will say no more on the subject, or some pretty creature may feel inclined to scold us for what we say about scolding.

THE WORKINGMAN'S PARADISE.

Switzerland may be termed in one sense the paradise of working men, for employers, and the authorities and private persons vie with each other in zealously promoting their material interests. Politically and socially, all are on a footing of absolute equality, education is alike for all, and wealth is very evenly distributed. In no other are land and property so equally divided among the mass of the people. As there are none very rich, and there are not more than three per cent of the population who return themselves as being of no occupation. This is partly due to the thoroughly democratic spirit which prevails, and partly to the small and manageable size of the republic. It consists of twenty five cantons each having its own peculiar laws, manners and customs. The principle of decentralization is carried to its extreme point, and every thing is done by mutual, voluntary assistance, friendly combination, and co-operative societies, in which masters and workmen, and indeed all classes meet on an equal footing, and in the most fraternal spirit, to devise schemes for the general welfare. The Swiss operative lives in his own home surrounded by his family, and at spare times cultivating his own land, while the Swiss agriculturist in his leisure hours works at some handicraft or trade, such as watchmaking, weaving, toy making, or wood carving. The mutual relations between masters and men are excellent, and though they have in one or two instances been disturbed, it has always been due to foreign agitators. In times of depression of trade the employers keep the factories going even at a direct pecuniary loss to themselves; they subscribe to the sick and pension funds and the accident, and when assist in cases of illness the operative struck down by illness of being kindly treated as if he were with his own family. It is stated that the result of this considerate benevolence is seed potatoes.

visible in the almost invariably good conduct and laboriously conscientious work of the men. They are likewise attached to each other, and any quarrel among themselves is usually referred to the employer, and his decision is considered by them as ultimate and binding.

GRATUITOUS WORK.

J. R. Rukenbrod, Esq., editor of the Salem, (O.) Republican, in an address before the editorial convention at Warren, O. makes the following very true remarks:

It is notoriously true that when a man wants something done for nothing, he goes straight to the printing office. The newspaper publisher is a free bridge on which merit and demerit propose alike to cross the stream. He is the free horse which every one wishes to ride to success, and when he is carried he is booted and spurred rider to his coveted destination, he is tuned loose, and with a kick sent back for the next dead head to mount.

He is expected to gratuitously "puff" every man engaging in business until he has advertised him into a lucrative trade. He is expected to write columns after columns commending manufacturing establishments, and making their business known all over the country, from which he only occasionally receives a petty job or insignificant advertisement at prices jewed down to starvation rates. To save the pitiable sum of five dollars, these very companies when they want a job done, will patronize a "rat" concern in their own town, or send four hundred miles away to a city office, and yet they look to the editor to speak of them and their establishments in the most extravagant terms of praise, as immense, first-class enterprises, liberal, and all such stuff, or else he will be charged with making no effort to build up his town. It would not be courteous to tell such men to go for their free local advertisement where they get their job work. Oh, no!

Our money is invested in our establishments. With our own means we defray the necessary expenses of printing our papers. Their columns are our private property, a portion of our capital in business, and with the same propriety that others come to us, we could go to them and ask for their goods, their wares, or their money, without returning an equivalent. But we pay cash, and full price, for every cent's worth we get from them. Should they not in like manner, pay us for our columns when used for their benefit?

THE QUESTION OF SPHERES.

It is a sorry waste of life to be the prizing and wrangling about spheres. For if it be pertinaciously insisted that the sphere of woman is the affections, and consequently the home, what then? If that is so, is she likely to leave it? The sphere of man, the earned tell us, is active life. Very well; are men likely, then, to retire to the nursery? Do we exclude them from the nursery by law? And is the disposition of women to break out of the nursery so much more positive than that of men to break in that they must be bound in straight jackets. What we all want, men and women equally, is like the prodigal, to come to ourselves—to escape both the glamour of mere theory and the graves of arbitrary restriction. No direct nor indirect permission will cause one woman to be less womanly, nor one man less manly and noble. It is not by mere permission of law or custom that men or women fall from real manhood and womanhood. Yet none of us will deny the annoying force of a false theory. But the true answer to those who ask in dismay about the square pegs and the round holes, is the verse of the poet, "My mind to me a kingdom is." No round man or woman—that is, no one who is complete by mastery of himself—need be vexed at the question. Those whose success is inward and spiritual, who find it in habitual elevation of mind, in devotion to the obvious duty, in perfect hospitality to every generous thought, in sympathy with every aspiration and effort for soul liberty, in converse with good books and music and pictures, in the faith of a soul of goodness, in the love—no longer waste their substance in evilous living, but have come to themselves, and for them the father lights up the palace and summons the neighbors to feast and rejoice, for his was dead is alive again, and—for it is not a parable of sex—she that was lost is found.—Harper's Magazine.

When may a man be said to break fast before he gets up? When he takes a roll in bed.

What is the easiest way for a bachelor to show himself off? To get on a spirited horse.

There is a deed on record in the town of Seito, Conn., bearing date to 1826, conveying from certain parties to the "Society of Shaking Quakers," a gin distillery for the express use and purposes of support of the gospel and the relief of the poor, the widow and fatherless of this world as the gospel may require.

How pleasant a surprise it is to see the miracle of novel motion in objects that are usually inanimate! We have seen a rope walk, a note run, a watch spring, horse fly, and a Saratoga hop, and next summer we shall go over the Rockies to see the big trees leave and the Pacific slope.

Here is a good thing on the table. Three men comparing notes. One says, "There are two bugs to every employer keep the factories going even at a direct pecuniary loss to themselves; they subscribe to the sick and pension funds and the accident, and when assist in cases of illness the operative struck down by illness of being kindly treated as if he were with his own family. It is stated that the result of this considerate benevolence is seed potatoes."

Don't Read This!

Encourage Home Industry!

CHARLES AUSTRIAN,

Formerly of Cleveland, O., has opened this day (in the Opera Block, Massillon, O.), his

HOOP SKIRT & CORSET

Manufactory.

Also the largest stock of

Millinery, Fancy Goods,

Holstery, Notions, Toys, etc.,

ever brought to this city, which will be sold at wholesale and retail at the very lowest New York prices. Convince yourself before purchasing elsewhere, and save money.

N.B.—Hoop Skirts, Bustles, Corsets, and Nursing corsets made to order. There will always be a lady in attendance. 459-ly

MASSILLON PHARMACY

The undersigned begs leave to call the attention of the citizens of

MASSILLON AND VICINITY

to his New and Elegantly Fitted up

Drug Store,

Under the Opera House,

Where he will always keep on hand a complete and carefully selected stock of

DRUGS,

POPULAR PATENT MEDICINES,

CHEMICALS,

DYE STUFFS,

TRUSSES,

BANDAGES,

LIQUORS FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES,

FINE ENGLISH,

FRENCH,

AND AMERICAN PERFUMERY,

Choice Cigars,

and all those articles generally kept in a first class establishment.

Physicians Prescription and Family Recipes Carefully Compounded.

Being a graduate of both Medicine and Pharmacy his patrons may depend on getting their medicines put up scientifically, out of the best or materials. A call is respectfully solicited. 459-ly

Great Closing Out Sale!

The undersigned contemplating a change of base, will offer his entire stock of Dry Goods at prices actually below cost, for a term commencing Saturday, April 13th. Positive bargains may be had in all grades of

DRESS FABRICS,

SHAWLS,

HOSIERY,

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